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The Week

IF it be true that the only possible government of Germany is for the present a dictatorship, Chancellor Stresemann is probably the best dictator who could under the circumstances have been selected. His dictatorial powers are derived from a vote of the Reichstag and consequently possess the sanction of some kind of law. They represent a despairing attempt by the parties of the centre to keep the form of the Republic going and to delay, if not prevent, a violent revolution and a merely military dictatorship. There is evidently an increasing tendency among many patriotic Germans to rally to the Republic as the only protection of their country against a destructive monarchist or communist uprising and an embittered class war. Whether they will succeed or not will depend chiefly on the attitude of the French government. The dictatorship of Stresemann cannot last for many weeks unless he can bring about some amelioration of the suffering of the German people; and so far there is not the slightest reason to believe that M. Poincaré will ease his burden and help him to remain in power. But it is encouraging that sober Germans are still doing what they can to vindicate orderly government in Germany. If they do not succeed in keeping the Republic alive, they may at least help it, under happier conditions in the future, to come back.

THE position of Governor Walton of Oklahoma continues to weaken. After the election which he proscribed had resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of the initiated measure permitting the legislature to meet without the Governor's call, Walton tried to bargain with the leaders of the opposition, offering his resignation as the price of passing the anti-Klan laws. The legislature, however, refused to deal with him. It appointed a committee of investigation before which two of the governor's closest advisers, Aldrich Blake and E. T. Bynum, appeared as witnesses. It is expected that articles of impeachment will be presented before the end of the week. It is also expected that the legislature, in spite of a large number of Klansmen among its members, will pass drastic measures against the Klan. Public opinion seems to be running with equal strength against the two forms of illegal control represented by visible authority of the military and the invisible government of the hooded knights. It is seldom in human affairs that two evils so effectively cancel one another.

THE tension in the Philippines is reaching the point where, according to the New York Times, "Americans in the islands feel that they are living on a volcano of suppressed passions which may erupt at any moment." The Filipino secret societies have amalgamated. Reports are current that the Philippine constabulary is getting out of hand. In fact the situation is developing in accordance with the classic example offered by the Indian Mutiny. "Six months ago," the Times correspondent continues, "an armed revolt would have been considered impossible." Who bears responsibility for the change? Naturally American opinion tends to place it upon Quezon's propaganda

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for independence, but it is clear from recent events that Governor General Wood's actions have given precise objectives to that propaganda, and that if we wish to rule the Philippines by conciliation, as a condition of their progressive self-government which we have promised, General Wood is not the man for the place. He is a particularly arrogant, obstinate, limited example of the military mind. His utterances during the campaign of 1920 showed him quite unfit to be entrusted with impartial administration of the law as chief magistrate of the United States. By what process of thought President Harding satisfied himself that he was the proper man to govern the Philippines is not apparent. Putting aside all questions of prestige and national pride, President Coolidge should hasten to undo the mischief while there is time, by recalling him.

UNFORTUNATELY General Wood is the idol of the American fascisti. They consider him the inheritor of the Roosevelt tradition, though what Roosevelt on occasions said of Wood will not bear printing. They regard him as the heir presumptive to the dictatorship of this country, when we are ready for it, and they are not averse to letting him warm up for the task at the expense of the Filipinos. That expense, however, will not be borne entirely by the victims. The spiritual cost to the United States people of carrying on another war for the subjugation of the Philippines will be incalculable. We earnestly recommend to the peace societies, as the best means of letting their countrymen know what that cost will be, to insist on the publication of the history of the earlier Philippine campaigns, of which copies are said to have been prepared for Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and for the War College. Failing this, correspondents are available who remember circumstances of those campaigns which were subject at the time to censorship, and which if published will, we think, give some check to the immediate and natural desire of the American people to teach the Filipinos the lesson of imperialism.

THE Civil Service League recalls attention to the dismissal of Arthur P. Davis as Director of the Reclamation Service, by Secretary Work. It is clear that both the removal, and the appointment of D. W. Davis, former governor of Idaho, as his successor, were made without regard to the civil service laws. The League does not go beyond the facts when it charges Secretary Work with "a piece of political sportsmanship of the worst order." The statement of Mr. Davis, which the League makes public, states that Secretary Work tried to induce him to revise his letter of resignation, leaving out the words "in accordance with your suggestion," so as to leave the impression that his retirement was voluntary—an example of official poltroonery which deserves its place in the record.

MORE important than the relation of the case to the civil service law is its background in the conservation controversy, discussed by Laurence Todd for the Federated Press. Arthur P. Davis is a thorough conservationist. He had been long in the service as chief engineer before he was made director. Through interest in the development by government activity of irrigation and power he had incurred the hostility of the power companies; and his recommendation of the Boulder Canyon project brought him into opposition with the Southern Sierra Power Company, in which Senator Phipps of Colorado is said to be the largest stockholder. Senator Phipps was one of the original sponsors of Secretary Work, and possibly Mr. Davis's dismissal is to be connected with that fact. The new director, D. W. Davis, is known to be an anti-conservationist; he led the fight against government control of water power at the Portland Congress in 1915. His importation into the Reclamation Service without regard to civil service requirements was by virtue of an executive order of the President. Mr. Todd's conclusion that President Coolidge is taking up the old trail blazed by Taft in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy seems plausible.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT'S demand upon President Coolidge to end the Whisky Rebellion differs from most of the pleas for enforcement of law which we have read in that he placed the responsibility for law breaking upon the officials of the government. He even denounced by name one Director of Prohibition in Pennsylvania—a certain notorious McConnell. We agree with Governor Pinchot that the only way to secure enforcement of law is to put into office men who will enforce it. As we have repeatedly pointed out the Department of Justice has not that kind of personnel. A Washington grand jury found officials of the Department guilty of appropriating confiscated liquor. They were not dismissed. Indictments were found against a former Director of Prohibition in New York after his retirement. They have never been pressed. Federal Director Haynes himself gave a clean bill of health to another Director in New York at a time when his office was a scandal; and Secretary Mellon allowed this official to resign when the grand jury declared that he should have been tried for corruption. The Treasury and Justice are the two departments most immediately concerned in the enforcement of prohibition. We suggest that Governor Pinchot look up the records of the heads of these departments as law enforcers.

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A LEADING feature of the defence in the actions brought by the Department of Justice against the Chemical Foundation and against former Assistant Secretary of War Crowell is that these actions involve the entire Wilson administration. Why should they not? We are at a loss to understand the attribution of infallibility even to ex-President Wilson or ex-Secretary of War Baker. They were doubtless excusable in imagining that when Americans were cheerfully giving their lives to the cause, the representatives of business interests, whose aid was equally invoked to win the war, would be extremely careful to take no advantage of their country in the matter of pecuniary profit. They were wrong. They had two years of office after the close of the war to bring the offences to light and the offenders to justice. They did nothing. Every investigation by government departments, by Congress, by special commissions, such as that of the air-service headed by Mr. Hughes was without result. To refer to Messrs. Wilson and Baker in connection with the few tardy motions which are being made to deal with the frauds, is to remind the country of their responsibility; but to argue that their failure should result in condoning the offences of others caught with the actual goods, is not logic. It is rather clutching at straws.

THE sentiment for imperial preference expressed by Premier Bruce of Australia has no doubt considerable strength in the self-governing dominions. They possess immense natural resources which need assured markets. The dominions could, within a decade, supply England with all the wheat and meat she needs, and even the breaking of the American cotton monopoly is no mere dream. Cotton culture has proved profitable both in South Africa and in Australia. It is expanding rapidly. The oil resources within the boundaries of the Empire are immense. There is no real reason why England should continue long to draw on the American stocks. The Empire is not rich in copper, but it has all the other minerals it requires. The natural basis for imperial self-sufficiency is sound, and it is no wonder that the more imperial-minded of the inhabitants of the Empire should advocate policies that might make for economic independence.

IT is a question, however, whether a farseeing English statesman would feel safe in entering upon such a policy. It would arouse the antagonism of the United States. Preferences granted to English trade are discriminations against American, and the chief reason why America has not been gravely concerned over the expansion of the British Empire is that the traditional British policy has made few discriminations against Americans. England might be willing to draw farther away from America if imperial self-sufficiency actually gave her economic security. It can not give that. The submarine and the aeroplane menace her communications with her colonies as seriously as her communications with foreign nations. In the world as it is England needs friends more than she needs closer economic relations with her colonies. And friends are not to be won or kept by a policy of economic imperialism.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND school children between twelve and eighteen have entered the American Legion prize essay contest on the question "Why America should prohibit immigration for five years." At first one is inclined to congratulate the Legion on arousing so great a volume of thought on a problem of public policy. On second thought, however, one's complacency ebbs. How are these children going to argue the question? Not surely in terms of the industrial situation, with the emphasis on the desirability of letting labor organization do its work unhampered by floods of alien workers to play the employer's side. No: the arguments will run in terms of the superiority of the older American stocks, the contemptible quality of the new immigration from southern and eastern Europe; the filthiness, immorality and crime that are popularly supposed to characterize every new breed of immigrants admitted to America. The tendency of such an essay contest will be to deepen in those who take part in it the nationalistic snobbishness of which we already have more than enough. That is not the worst side of it. Our schools are full of children of aliens, and it is our business to Americanize them. How will the process of Americanizing them fare under this new flood of condemnation of their kind? It is a grave question how far it is wise to permit irresponsible though well meaning individuals or organizations to mess up the business of education.

THE circumstances under which anti-radical campaigns are financed are being examined by a special investigator for the Federated Press. The importance of Michigan as a bulwark of repression, in consequence of its anti-syndicalism law, was demonstrated in the arrest and trial of the communists in connection with the Bridgman convention. There has been a movement for the repeal of the law, whereupon it becomes desirable to inject a little ginger into the anti-radical campaign in that state. The organization which proved convenient for the purpose was the United Spanish War Veterans. The collector for this body approached the Detroit Edison Company for a contribution, and was informed by its officers that the public utilities commission would certainly not approve such a use of funds as a legitimate expense chargeable to operations. Whereupon

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Mr. Sherman P. Handy of the commission wrote to the Commander of the U. S. W. V. on July 12, "I cannot understand why this officer or any other officer should make a statement of that kind. A donation by public utilities for patriotic (sic) purposes, such as you are engaged in, would not only be permitted by this commission but encouraged." Perhaps the people of Detroit can find a reason why the cost of defending the country against radicals should be charged to their electric light bills.

SENATOR SMOOT'S interview with President Coolidge on the situation in Europe is the most important event of the week in the foreign affairs of this country. Not only did the Republican leader and representative of the Old Guard announce his recognition of the responsibility of the United States toward Europe; not only did he emphasize the urgency of conditions which have reduced, possibly to a few days, the margin of time in which assistance can be rendered; he actually proposed to put into operation an international commission to determine the ability of Germany to pay, if necessary *without the consent of France.* This proposal touches the heart of the matter. It would mobilize the moral force of the world against France; and Senator Smoot is probably right in forecasting that though France would not be bound to accept the award of the commission, she could not stand against the will of the world unanimously expressed.

Can the League Save Europe?

LORD GREY OF FALLODEN recently published in the London Times a survey of the existing conditions of Europe which is remarkable at once for its pessimism, its candor, its insight and in one respect its extraordinary refusal to understand. "Recent events," he says, "show us with horrible clearness Europe sliding surely, though it may appear slowly, towards the abyss." It is drifting helplessly towards war between states and a choice between anarchy or dictatorship within states. The only two of the larger European powers whose free constitutions remain intact are France and Great Britain, and he considers it essential, if the peace and liberties of Europe are to be saved, that they should remain closely allied. He admits that the policies of the French and British governments, with respect to German reparations, are irreconcilable, but this irreconcilability should not be a hindrance to cooperation in other respects. The question of reparations can in his opinion be set aside as something which France and Great Britain can differ about without danger to the stability of Europe. The Treaty of Versailles placed it in "a separate category." What France and Great Britain must agree upon is a "policy of upholding the Covenant of the League." The League was created to "regulate disputes between nations by justice and law" and to "maintain the sanctity of treaties." If France and Great Britain combine to strengthen it "a situation that is becoming increasingly perilous may yet be saved."

The reasons which Lord Grey alleges in favor of his position are weighty. The League exists as an effective force in international policies only by virtue of the combined support of France and Great Britain. The two Allies have differed sharply in their proposed treatment of Germany, but they have not as yet brought the League into the quarrel. If the League were brought into the quarrel, France would either split and paralyze the League or withdraw from it. She would not permit the League to create obstacles to the successful carrying on of her policy in Germany. But she will continue to cooperate with a League which according to Lord Grey allows her a free hand in Germany, and it is worth while for Great Britain and for the friends of peace in Europe to connive at what she is doing in the Ruhr in order to keep alive the only institution which has a chance of protecting Europe from the oncoming tidal wave of revolution and war.

There is a substantial amount of truth in Lord Grey's contention to which we wish to do full justice. It is desirable for the present to keep the League out of the dispute about reparations among France, Great Britain and Germany. If the British or the neutral governments insist, in spite of explicit French opposition, on bringing in the League, France and her satellites would undoubtedly withdraw and the League, as it now exists, would come to an inglorious end. Such an ending would be a serious calamity which the British government has made and will make many sacrifices to avoid. It is enormously important to preserve the League as a possible future instrument of peace, and its preservation depends to a large extent upon the policy of the British government.

All this is true, but it is not sufficient. Among the sacrifices which the British government cannot afford to make even for the benefit of the League is that of relaxing its opposition to the French policy towards Germany. It is more important for the welfare of Europe that France should fail to accomplish the ultimate object of her German policy, which is the annihilation of Germany as a nation, than that the League of Nations should be preserved intact. The admission that the League of Nations is impotent in the present crisis increases the obligation of Great Britain not to default. She is the only power whose opposition France does not dare wholly to ignore. She should not flinch, and in our opinion she will not flnch. By not flinching the British nation will be contending, if not for the existing League, at least for

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the creation of the kind of Europe in which a genuine League of Peace could function.

It is up to the British government both to increase the effectiveness of its opposition to France and to do what it can to strengthen the League of Nations. It will be difficult to combine the two policies. They may prove to be incompatible. Its opposition to France may create suspicions and resentment which will render it impossible to cooperate with her in the Council of the League. It may in the end have to draw the League into the quarrel. But if so the British government would surely vindicate the underlying principle of the League by opposing France rather than by acting as her accomplice. For France by virtue of her policy in the Ruhr is committing all of those offences which according to Lord Grey are now endangering peace and liberty in Europe. She is acting in defiance of the rules of law and equity as the sole judge of her own case, and she resents any criticism of her policy or opposition to it as an affront. Her own case is tied up with a doubtful interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, the justifiability of which she will not submit to adjudication. She is undermining the foundations of liberty in Europe by taking away from the Germans the right and the power to govern themselves. She is undermining the foundations of property in Europe by a policy which renders private and public property in Germany valueless. She is undermining security in Europe by depriving 60,000,000 Europeans both of liberty and property. Her policy is much the most effective cause of the prevailing drift towards revolution and war. Lenin is a child compared to Poincaré in his ability to destroy the guarantees of European private enterprise and social order.

It is extraordinary that statesmen like Lord Grey who realize the impossibility of saving the European peoples from bloodshed, starvation and despair except by the restoration of international security and order should remain blind to the fundamental tendency of French policy to provoke disorder and insecurity. It is extraordinary but it is not inexplicable. Lord Grey and his like are blinded and disabled by their original approval of the unholy marriage between the League of Nations and the Treaty of Versailles. They overlooked the miscalculations and sins of the Treaty on the pretext that the League would provide a satisfactory way of dealing with them. But unfortunately the Treaty committed one offence which a much more powerful League of Peace would have been unable to counteract. It legalized at least in part the war which France was resolved to wage against Germany. It disarmed Germany without furnishing her with any guarantee that she would be treated with the most elementary justice. It authorized the decapitation of the former sovereign of Europe which was the Balance of Power. But it did not set up as a substitute a League of Nations which was capable of protecting the victims of the allied victors. It enabled a nation like France with an oppressively egoistic national policy, which derived its chance of success solely from the support of a preponderant army, to obscure political sabotage under a screen of legal process.

In this way the Treaty authorizes and breeds the commotions and the hatreds which the League of Nations intended to appease. Until this offence of the Treaty is either eradicated or expiated Europe will continue to drift towards war, and the League of Nations can and will do nothing effective to stem the tide. The League, in spite of its present impotence, is worth preserving because it embodies a salutary idea, whose intrinsic virtue may in the end overcome doubts and obstacles and command the allegiance of men, women and peoples. But those who believe in it should not use its perpetuation as an excuse for emasculating British resistance to France. The League must finally derive its vitality from something better than evasion and compromise. Its friends should recognize that in the end it will have to assert its integrity by adopting a strong policy towards France even at the risk of imperilling its life.

Wise Men's Counters

WHAT is a vocabulary? Nine thousand words, says Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly, in an interview with the New York Times. Mr. Vizetelly is managing editor of the New Standard Dictionary; and nine thousand is his estimate of the working vocabulary of the plain man in the street. "The words a person may use on any one day or any unusual occasion," he explains, "such as when he drops the ice on his bare toes in endeavoring to induce it to enter the refrigerator or has his arm caught in a subway car door, do not give an adequate presentation of the list of different words the average person uses in his daily business or social intercourse." Man is more eloquent than that.

Nine thousand words. It seems a lot. Milton used but little more than half again as many in his verse. Shakespeare not a great deal more. Nine thousand is a towering figure. Even one percent of that will cover lots of ground.

Take the Pullman smoker for example. Who needs more than ninety words to keep abreast of the conversation?

"Rotten service—highway robbery—thirty horsepower—cost a million—biggest banker in the South—brought it from Miami—I said to her—she said to me—reminds me of the one about the fellow—damned radicals—hasn't been on time for thirty years—you can tell it by the taste—well,

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they got to the hotel—never had to lift the bonnet."

Or take the college president who welcomes, just about this time of year, his flock of modest Freshmen:

"Never has there been a time—activities of college life—this faith, this inspiration—opportunity which lies before you—then shall we realize—fifty years ago today—when we have grasped this fundamental truth—scribes and Pharisees—does not live by bread alone—a mess of pottage."

Ninety words is a long lap to cover without repetition. Even fifty. Who has not felt the strain of composition in expanding to its legal barrier a night-letter for the Western Union? With fifty words one may make a creditable speech on almost any subject. Politics, for instance. The Governor of the Philippines, or of Porto Rico, or Hawaii, commemorates with proper text a tablet to some sugar king:

"Pioneer of western culture—white man's burden—Stars and Stripes—view with pride—a guiding hand—fifty thousand miles of good macadam road—small faction of unruly theorists—glorious sisterhood of states—full sense of our responsibilities—a handful of misguided patriots—electric lights and Sunday Schools—Columbia, gem of the ocean."

As for the morning papers: we read the latest news from Washington with a vocabulary small enough to be carved in capitals upon a pin.

Through the press the State Department takes the public into confidence, in the matter of its Russian policy:

"High official quarters—name must be withheld—best interests of the Russian people—sacred rights of property—official who must not be quoted—gratified by the reception—determined at all costs to protect—in diplomatic circles—too early to say definitely—respect for international obligations—while officially witholding comment—far be it from the State Department."

Words are wise men's counters. But often in the highest places the count is far from high.

Mr. Vizetelly thinks that practice makes for perfect. "Let me suggest a 'Daily Dozen' for improving the vocabulary." You can picture the ambitious young glossologist amid his morning labors. One new page of the Thesaurus before breakfast. "Good—better—best—superior—first-class — superlative — tip-top — priceless — inimitable—worth its weight in gold."

With a little determination there is no reason why the average man cannot run his words to thirteen thousand. What he could do with them, once he had them, is another matter. Perhaps, as we look back upon the State Department and the Pullman smoker, the conviction steals home that the trouble isn't words so much as something to arouse them.

Bolshevism in Art Criticism

PROFESSOR JOHN C. VAN DYKE'S assertion in his new book on Rembrandt and His School, that there are less than fifty genuine canvases of that master in existence, naturally meets violent opposition. In no form of property is vested interest more tenacious of its position than in works of art, and in no form of connoisseurship is personal and national pride so deeply involved. We have been vaguely aware that European art critics, Morelli, Bode and Berenson, were engaged in revising the attributions of Italian painting, but their activities concerned us little. Mr. Berenson's severe reduction of the paintings of Leonardo left us indifferent. We had no Leonardos. But we had invested money and reputation in Rembrandt. In no great master were our museums so rich. There were seventeen of his canvases in the Metropolitan alone. The remark attributed to Bode that Rembrandt left six hundred pictures of which two thousand were in the United States, was a bitter comment on our connoisseurship and a drastic diminution of property values; but after all it was a statement without specification, and it gave us room in which to turn around. Among six hundred examples, every American who thought he owned a Rembrandt had a sporting chance. Anyway, Bode was a German, doubtless in conspiracy with the War Lords and dye magnates to sabotage the rest of the world. But here comes Professor Van Dyke, a fellow countryman and a patriot, raising the odds against the American connoisseur to fifty to one, and in particular brutally specifying the seventeen Rembrandts in the Metropolitan as spurious. It is disloyalty. Professor Van Dyke has hitherto been known as a friendly critic, a professor at Rutgers College, the author of a manual known as How to Judge a Picture, in whose phrases most Americans who aspire to make pictures a part of culture define their taste. But if Professor Van Dyke is going to run amuck, and join the European Bolsheviks in attacking the established order and vested interests in the world of art, then we must make haste to withdraw his credentials and repudiate his reputation. How to judge a picture forsooth! He does not know how himself. "Idiotic" and "ridiculous," two of the strongest words in our aesthetic vocabulary, are freely applied to the recreant professor.

Professor Van Dyke's presentation of his case, as revealed in the summary published in the New York Times, is not lacking in strength. By way of antecedent probability he points out that Rembrandt is credited with roughly one thousand pictures; that though he had seventy pupils and assistants, many of whom became distinguished painters, his attributions exceed in number the total of the seventy; that he is credited with paint-

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ing one face, usually assumed to be his own, sixty-four times; his father's, fifteen times; his mother's, twelve; his wife's, twenty; his sister's, thirteen. The differences in these works, and the resemblance of many of them to paintings already attributed to Rembrandt's pupils furnish evidence against Rembrandt's authorship. The vast number of biblical subjects, often repeated, at a time when the Protestant Netherlands offered little market for such wares, creates a further probability that many of the products of the Rembrandt studio were conventional exercises given out for practice. But the proof finally rests on technical evidence of drawing and brushwork, evidence of the same character as that by which the authorship of Elizabethan plays is determined. It may be asked, then, why, the same scientific criticism should not prevail in the case of painting as in that of literature. The answer is that nobody owns the copyright to Shakespeare. It is true, we remember, a moving picture magnate in Chicago brought suit to prevent Colonel Fabyan from promulgating the theory that Bacon wrote the plays, on the ground that this would injure their popularity in the film drama; but the judge decided that Bacon was the author, and that truth was above movie rights. This disinterestedness, however, cannot be expected in a matter so nearly concerning property values and personal pride as art criticism.

One of the protesting art dealers remarks that if Mr. Van Dyke's verdict were true it would be a good thing, because we should then have some twenty new painters as great as Rembrandt himself. Such a remark utterly misconceives the mixed psychology of connoisseurship and business which governs the appreciation of art in the United States. Suppose there are twenty, all of them equal to Rembrandt and some of them even greater; they are hopelessly handicapped by lack of that publicity which Rembrandt has enjoyed for the last three hundred years. A great advertising house could doubtless plan a campaign to correct this inequality, but the cost would be enormous, and at best the process would merely be to divide Rembrandt's fame among them. And who are they? Ferdinand Bol, Nicolaes Maes, Vermeer van Delft, Aert de Gelder! The very names as trade marks lack the simple dignity of Rembrandt. There would be a catastrophic fall of values. We remember what happened when at the height of the Botticelli boom the European sceptics discovered that there were too many pictures credited to that master for him to have painted them all, and undertook to divert some of his masterpieces to others. Even the attribution of certain of them to an ignoto who was felicitously termed l'Amico di Botticelli failed to support the market. The names of the old masters are a part of the ritual of art worship. The discovery of a painting to which one of them can with any plausibility be attached adds to the kudos of the critic as not even the re-creation of an entire new master can do. The purchase of it establishes an individual or a museum in the hall of fame of connoisseurship. Its possession becomes a matter of civic and national pride. Its market value is fixed with an upward tendency, not subject to the fluctuations which may attend the unplotted career of a newcomer. We should prefer to play safe and keep our Rembrandts, even if we have to deport Professor Van Dyke to join his fellow Bolsheviks in Europe.

An Estimate of the Coal Commission

NO simple estimate of the accomplishments of the late Coal Commission can be either fair or satisfactory. A substantial number of issues, which the Commission touched in its various reports, may still be open to honest differences of opinion. Even the failure of the Commission to present an adequate discussion of any plan for nationalization may not be the calamity which it is in some places considered to be. There are, however, three tests which can be fairly applied to both the findings of fact and the recommendations of policy of this fact-finding agency.

Regardless of one's views on the future of private property in the coal industry or on the form of organization which that industry will ultimately assume, it was certainly within the bounds of reasonable expectation that the Commission would avert those actual or impending industrial conflicts which were in the main the cause of its creation; that its reports would educate the public on the real problems of the industry; and that its recommendations would lead to the organization of a long-time and effective machinery of control. How far, in fact, did the Commission achieve any of these results?

Fortunately or unfortunately the Commission was able during its short existence to participate in one major conflict in the industry, the anthracite strike of September. The facts of this episode are too recent and too familiar to require rehearsal now. All that need be said here is that the Federal Coal Commission was not the instrumentality which settled the strike; nor did it contribute toward making the settlement by Governor Pinchot noticeably easier. So far, also, this fact-finding agency has not answered the one important question which Mr. Pinchot's peace terms left unsettled. It has not yet stated, in simple and direct terms, whether the advance in wages to the anthracite miners needed to be shifted to the consumer or not. Such a statement the Commission may have found it impossible to make for the lack

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of reliable information. But it has not even made this admission. Yet the acknowledgement by an agency, which has investigated the accounts of an industry for a year, that it cannot determine the reasonableness of prevailing prices and profits is almost of as great public interest as knowing approximately what fair profits and prices are.

The same aloofness from the exigent problems of the day characterizes the Commission's dealings with the bituminous fields. While the Commission has laid no great stress on the matter, there exists at present in interested and informed circles the prevailing opinion that next April will witness a break between the bituminous operators and the United Mine Workers. The Commission, to be sure, has written voluminously on the roads to peace in that industry. But there is no evidence that it has taken any practical steps for averting a suspension which is bound to be costly to all concerned in it. The mere fact that the Commission's term of office ended in September 1923 and that the bituminous agreement terminates in April 1924 should not absolve it from sharing the responsibility for a strike, which, it is freely predicted, will take place next year. If, indeed, its influence for peace wears off so quickly, the value of the achievements of the Commission may well be questioned.

On these counts, at least, the Commission cannot be judged a successful one. The educational value of its work is more difficult to estimate. It must first be noted, in this connection, that the reports of the Commission are of two types—the exhaustive and often technical reports of its investigators and the short summaries and recommendations of the Commission itself. There is no question that the special reports of the experts are a veritable mine of information about the problems of the soft and hard coal industries. They are, however, only the raw material for educational purposes. They can be read intelligently only by the patient and qualified few. It is the summary and recommendation that must be looked to as the material for educating the general public. And here the work of the Commission is in every respect a disappointment.

No one can leave these summary statements of the Commission without a sense of utter confusion. Innumerable items, some of major significance and others of no importance at all, are all presented together. It seems to have been a matter of profound indifference to the Commission when and where it made its various proposals. Findings of fact, checks on partisan statement, formulations of policy and administrative recommendations are extended to the public as if they were all one and the same thing. That careful discrimination between the more and less important, which is the first prerequisite to useful exposition, seems not to have been undertaken by this agency at all. Facts were shuffled, pigeon-holed, then published. Added to this display of wares are many indications that the Commission did not even, in any true sense, digest the reports of its own investigators.

In the longer reports, too, there are signs of the lack of program and plan. It was, of course, known all along that the problems of the coal industry were of great complexity and extent. Under the circumstances, given a limited period for inquiry and insufficient appropriations, it would seem the better part of wisdom to have deliberately restricted the scope of investigation, to have frankly omitted studies which, while interesting, were not vital; and thus to have sacrificed exhaustiveness to relevance. There seems to have been every reason for adopting such a procedure. It was not adopted. The result is that, in its desire to learn all, the Commission found itself able to teach little.

Being as busy as the Commission turned out to be in prosecuting its various inquiries, it should not be surprising that it had little time for the formulation of a detailed program of regulation and control in the future. The matter is again turned over to Congress, which is requested to enlarge the Interstate Commerce Commission by the addition of a coal division. To do what? To allocate cars among the existing mines? To measure costs, wages, prices, profits, and investment? To fix prices? To interfere in labor disputes? To recommend to its parent body the fixing of proper railroad rates? To define "fair investment?" To stimulate the extension of storage facilities? To regulate jobbers' and retailers' margins? Perhaps. All or only a few of these and of other proposals may have been in the minds of the members of the Commission. But it proposed no specific, detailed plan of regulation, no matter how moderate, which a congressional committee could mull over, amend, and then submit to Congress, perhaps for ultimate enactment. The committee must proceed as it has before, except that it has reports to read and digest and ex-members of a Coal Commission to question. What should have been the authoritative findings and conclusions of a public agency, Congress and its instrumentalities must now make for themselves.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Henry Ford: Men and Machines

THE little tin treasure, half rattling box, half ugly black beetle that will crawl up anywhere—the Peace Ship—five dollars a day for labor—eight dollars per second income—the menace of the Jews—the picnics with Edison and John Burroughs—Muscle Shoals—a business worth a billion dollars—seven thousand cars a week—"the cow must go"—"Henry Ford for President". . . .

Out of some such jumble of quaint facts and enormous figures the average man builds a picture, a vague, hopeful picture of the Henry Ford he would like to see made President. And Henry Ford is near enough being President for a lot of people to agree that, could he get the nomination of either party, he would be elected. For that alone he is interesting. And for a lot of other reasons.

As a human being, he is perhaps most of all interesting as an example of how far in the world a man can go who starts riding on one idea and never gets out of the saddle. On this fiery horse he can make jumps where other more intelligent, socialized, open-minded men have to get off and walk; he can guess across obstacles where others, who prefer to think things out, find that thinking is the long way around.

This single idea came to Ford a long time ago. He said: "I will build a motor car for the multitude," when it was obvious that only a few rich people would buy them. And this he is still doing now, with fabulous success, and while many other purposes, some by-products and some wildly different, have taken root in his mind, it is still the centre of his life. There are many abler men of a mechanical turn of mind today, many abler business men, many more intelligent, many shrewder guessers, but in Ford these qualities were to a supreme degree combined with exact knowledge of where he wanted to go.

One bar to success before men, in other ways as able as Ford, was a preoccupation with what the public wanted—or what they imagined it wanted. Ford knew only what they ought to have. The market for a particular product, he says, is four-fifths made up of people who do not know how they want it made. And quite correctly he imposed his own product on a public which proceeded to eat it up. Had he been the mechanical genius some people insist he is, had he loved fine machinery a little for its own sake, could he have resisted making a better car? The desire to make cheap cars, by the thousands, swamped whatever temptations there were to make good ones. The Ford car, if it was to be used by the multitude, had to be fool-proof, and the farther one goes toward the perfect automobile, the more one is forced to build into it little complications that require care and a mechanical temperament. The Ford car has grown simpler and simpler. Individual demands, likes and dislikes, which the average manufacturer thinks he has to take into account, are nothing to Ford. Let the man who has the money buy a better car; the Ford car will continue to be the same car to all men. "Any customer," says Henry Ford, "can have his Ford painted any color that he wants so long as it is black." Any customer is free to attach a better water-cooling system, a better oil-pump, a carburetor that will give him more miles per gallon. Engineers have pointed out that if really efficient carburetors were attached to Ford cars, their owners would save about half a billion dollars in gasoline every year. In each town and city are dozens of stores selling nothing but improved attachments and accessories to the regulation Ford. But the Ford car, as its creator himself readily admits, is in all essentials the same car it was in 1907.

But if the car itself has not changed, the methods of producing it, the vast batteries of automatic machinery and their relation to the regiments of labor who man them have never stopped changing. In the constant drive to cut down cost, Henry Ford has dealt ruthlessly with machinery. Any machine will be scrapped tomorrow if it is possible to substitute some other which will save a few cents on a part. Other manufacturers in quantity, when an improvement offers, must consider the money invested in the machinery which would be scrapped. Ford, who has not borrowed money, who has no such burdens, can scrap at will, and does so. The methods of quantity production were not his invention, in whole or in detail; his genius lies in the whole-hearted and fearless application of them to a particular product. He has applied quantity production to its limit, or rather he is still widening the application, for there is no limit. Just as machine has supplanted machine in the factory, so has Ford brought, one after the other, most of the sources of supply within his control. He had enough disagreeable experiences with concerns which sold him parts on contract. The unpleasantness was mutual, for there are many stories of suppliers to Ford who, upon seeking to renew a contract, were quoted prices which would have put them out of business. Now Ford owns a coal mine, an iron range, forests, a railroad, and has gradually either bought up small factories which used to sell him parts, or has started making the parts himself. When Ford bought a glass factory, people used to say, "Henry's gone into the glass business." But he is interested in only one business: his own. He is not a Stinnes. He is perhaps more afraid of being dependent than eager

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to be independent; he is not trying to conquer new kingdoms so much as he is being forced to the imperialism inevitable to monarchs who would be absolutely supreme within their own kingdom.

New machinery can be worked out, and old cast aside, smaller businesses can be bought, and natural resources brought within the Ford circle. Perhaps no one ever subjected machinery more completely than Henry Ford. With men, we like to think, it is not as with machinery. Will meets will. But Henry Ford has almost no trouble with men. The answer is simple: only a very small part of a man works for Henry Ford. The range of his activity is enormously limited by machinery. A man can't do much harm in the Ford plant, because Henry Ford prides himself that his system of production is fool proof, which means that a fool can do the job about as well as a better man, and he can't do any harm by quitting, because there are five men waiting to grab his job. A job in his factory, says Mr. Ford, can be learned within a few days, or even a few hours. Forty-three percent of all the jobs require not over one day of training; thirty-six percent from one day to one week; only one percent require from one to six years. Obviously, the vast majority of the work is unskilled. More than that, it is repetitive to the highest degree. When Mr. Ford points with pride to the fact that in 1903 four times as many men were needed to produce a car as are required today it means above all that each man has been given a simpler and simpler set of motions, and that each set is repeated more and more times a day as the months go by.

Nearly every one has by now either seen or pictured to himself the fascinating and horrible spectacle which is the making of the Ford car. Every one knows about the travelling conveyors, which carry the cylinder block just a little too fast past groups of men struggling to insert into it their assigned part. The speed of these conveyors is not constant. If all the departments of the plant are working smoothly, and an increase in production is desired, their speed is slightly increased at the beginning of the day, unknown to the men, who at the end of the day are aware only of being a little more tired than usual.

As one stands watching the process, what is going on does not seem to be labor, but something new, quite different, to which should be given another name. The men are not running the machines, but the machines are running the men, setting for them an inexorable pace with which they must hurry and struggle to keep up. The machines do so much, and each man so little. One can watch for a few minutes some sour-faced, frantically working old fellow who in a few minutes will have repeated forty or fifty times before your eyes the process he is to repeat all day long, every day of his life. Here work and creation, work and workmanship, are seen to have nothing in common. The man who puts in the screw does not screw it down, the man who screws it down does not give it the final tightening. The harassed, driven look which people often mistakenly imagine they see in the faces of machine workers is, this time, obviously present. Only a certain kind of man will willingly work in this way. The more intelligent automobile workers in Detroit are eloquent on the subject of the Ford "slaves," and many of them prefer less pay in some other plant to this jungle of belts and machinery and rush and worry where twelve hours' work is crammed into eight.

The Ford plant is the despair of union organizers. They can make no dent on it. For there is a certain kind of man who does not mind endless repetition. Some people believe that a possibility for creative work, or workmanship, is innate in all men. Henry Ford knows this is untrue. He knows that there exists a type of man who is more contented performing endless repetitions than doing anything else—except nothing at all. The proportion of such men to others who might enjoy workmanship employed in his plant is unknown, and probably always will be, but it must be high. And nobody knows how many of the Ford employees are miserable, discontented under the strain. Henry Ford doesn't care. He gives them steady employment, and good wages for eight hours, a lot more, he points out, than do most employers. The fact of their employment weighs much more with him than the possibility of their discontent.

Partly through experience, partly because his whole life has been the assumption of responsibility, Henry Ford believes that most men avoid responsibility. His industry is run accordingly, partly because of his belief, mostly because the heaviest responsibility is shared by him and by his machinery. Certainly there is very little human scope or consent in the system. It is a vast and rigid pyramid, inflexibly broadening from a determined point to an obedient base, an inexorable structure of authority and machinery, in which human bees may come and go without harm to the hive. Even the foreman, whose petty despotism is the curse both of labor's morale and of efficiency in so many industries, is comparatively powerless here. He cannot hire, he cannot fire. Indeed it is a boast of the Ford system that nobody is ever fired. He is transferred, he is disciplined by being sent to the heat and dirt of the foundry, but he is not fired. He is subjected to all sorts of humiliations, particularly if he is fairly high up in the organization, until he resigns, but he is not fired. In a wholesale clean-up and lopping-off of only semi-essential departments at one time, a number of skilled draughtsmen, some of whom had been earning eighty to a hundred dollars a week, found their department gone overnight. They were

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not fired. They were offered mildly skilled or unskilled jobs elsewhere at five dollars a day. When the legal department was canned, the going lawyers were offered normal jobs. But not fired. A curious kink in the mind of this industrial autocrat to the discussion of whose most salient fault or quality one must make a reservation, to whose nearly every characteristic can be found its obverse.

These inconsistencies, some charming, some ludicrous, some pathetic, some rather sinister, are to be found more often in the Henry Ford who has strayed from the quick production of cheap automobiles into the more public waters of peace, agriculture, finance, politics. The mind of Henry Ford as the home of a number of brilliant, vagrant or absurd ideas is puzzling, contradictory, in what curious ways I hope to show in a later article. Here performance has not always followed upon the idea. On the home ground of his performance with automobiles Henry Ford is more himself. I shall oversimplify him by saying that his most steadfast trait is an autocratic will born of obstinacy, shrewdness, self-confidence and success. If any important truth can be laid down about Henry Ford, it is his profound dislike and mistrust of the minds and wills of others when in conflict with his own. A good many able men who worked with him in early days have left him. This group—which Dean Marquis in his penetrating study calls the Ford Alumni Association—is the centre of a great controversy. From the charges and countercharges that without them Ford would be nothing, that they all developed swelled heads, that Ford cannot allow anyone to approach his own stature in authority, that Ford, minus all of them today, is doing better than ever, it seems possible to infer, what is borne out by so much else in his life: that Henry Ford cannot compromise with other minds, that his own will and purpose must remain intact or be defeated, that he cannot submit, or argue, or convince, or perform any of the more pliable and social functions of the mind. Some lightning flash of the mind, some instantaneous intuition, shows him the path, and he must follow it obstinately, sometimes mistakenly, and not listen to the counsel of doubt, or his purpose will be weakened, and destroyed. His strength he perhaps feels to be in those flashes, he must trust to them rather than to reason, and rightly he has kept from him the poison of the reasoning of others. His instinct of self-preservation has led him to fight shy of men whose brains collide with and maim his power to guess quickly, intensively. Dependence on the thought of others would sterilize his own. "I don't like to read much," he says, "books muddle me."

It is well not to muddle with books the mind of a monarch. But we have to think about Presidents.

ROBERT LITTELL.

(To be continued)

A Boundless Moment

He halted in the wind and What was that
Far in the maples, pale, but not a ghost?
He stood there bringing March against his thought,
And yet too ready to believe the most.

"Oh that's the Paradise-in-Bloom," I said.
And truly it was fair enough for flowers,
Had we but in us to assume in March
Such white luxuriance of May for ours.

We stood a moment so in a strange world,
Myself as one his own pretense deceives,
And then I said the truth (and we walked on)
"A young beech clinging to its last year's leaves."

ROBERT FROST.

Odysseus

(In Memory of Arthur Griffith)

You had the prose of logic and of scorn,
And words to sledge an iron argument,
And yet you could draw down the outland birds
To perch beside the ravens of your thought—
The dreams whereby a people challenges
Its dooms, its bounds. In ungrown days we knew you,
In ungrown days we heard you, and we heard
Amongst boys' voices and old men's voices
A man's full voice. The hillsides knew you too,
The deep sea knew you, where you'd swim of mornings,
And we would call you by a kindly name.

And by that name I'd speak to you, and say:
"You were the one who knew
What sacred resistance is in men
That are almost broken; how, from resistance used
A strength is born, a stormy, bright-eyed strength,
Like Homer's Iris, messenger of the gods,
Coming before the ships the enemy
Has flung the fire upon. Our own, our native strength
You mustered up." But I will never say it,
Walking beside you, or looking on you,
With your strong brow, and chin was like a targe,
And eyes that were so kindly of us all.

And sorrow comes as on that August day,
With our ship cleaving through the seas for home,
And that news coming sparkling through the air,
That you were dead, and that we'd never see you
Looking upon the state that you had builded.

The news that came was like that weight of waters
Poured on our hopes! Our navies yet unbuilded,
Our city left inglorious on its site,
Our fields uncleared, and over
Our ancient house the ancient curse of war!
And could we pray, touching the island-homeland,
Other than this: "Odysseus, you who labored
So long upon the barren outer sea;
Odysseus, Odysseus, you who made
The plan that drove the wasters from the house,
And bent the bow that none could bend but you:
Be with us still:
Your memory be the watcher in our house,
Your memory be the flame upon our hills."

PADRAIC COLUM.

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War and a Code of Law

IN the minds of those who seriously question the project to revise international law and provide an international court so that recourse to war shall be a crime, the difficulty connected with forming a code of law to govern the conduct of the court is likely to loom largest. I am quite ready to admit that those who favor the plan easily tend to fix their faith in the general idea and trust to the future to solve the concrete difficulties when once the basic idea is accepted. But this disposition is quite offset by the corresponding tendency of those to whom the idea does not appeal, to fix their minds on the difficulty of making a code and to see nothing else. In any case it must be remembered that it is no part of the business of those who are urging trial of the plan to propose in advance a ready-made code. For it is part of that plan that the code shall be drawn up by expert jurists representing the various nations. There is no dodging the issue in declining to state in advance just what the conclusions of the assembly of jurists must be. It is a fair demand, however, that the general difficulties in the way of the jurists themselves be faced in discussion of the project. First of all, it is necessary to discriminate between genuine difficulties and those which in the end will probably turn out to be imaginary, and to this point alone this article is directed.

Mr. Lippmann has urged with force and skill that the making of a code of international law is essentially a political legislative act, so that it involves the "setting up of a world legislature. The conference which was to make the code would have to lay down laws affecting the very existence of governments and the destiny of nations." So he charges those who oppose any plan that involves a super-state with a glaring contradiction. For they are really asking, according to him (if they only knew what they are about), for "a supercourt and a superconference to legislate a supercode."

The question of consistency is not nearly so important, of course, as the question of fact, but the issue of fact may be approached by the road of the issue of consistency. For the accusation of inconsistency may be turned about. The position taken by Mr. Lippmann proves altogether too much for any one who believes in the existing League Court and in American adherence to it, who believes in it in anything but a Pickwickian sense, or as a cellar entrance into the Council of the League. Would it have been necessary to have had a code covering all kinds of political disputes between nations as an antecedent of the competency of even the Hague tribunal to pass upon the clause of the Austrian ultimatum that Serbia wished to refer to that tribunal? Would political legislation affecting the very existence of governments have been required to enable the existing League Court to pass upon the construction of the Treaty of Versailles so as to determine judicially whether or not the French invasion of the Ruhr was authorized by its terms? Would it have required a superlegislature and a superstate code to hold back the action of Italy in bombarding and seizing Corfu until a court had passed upon Greek responsibility for the murder of commissioners and the proper liability of Greece for the atrocity? If so, the objection of Mr. Lippmann logically makes any court an impossibility and profession of faith in one an insincere farce.

The question is of importance because it points to the issue of fact. It is quite clear that the three incidents cited are precisely the sort of thing that now precede wars, and equally clear that the sole indispensable condition of their submission to a court is the willingness of nations to submit them. They were not submitted to an international court. The reason, however, was not because there was no supercode in existence. The existing state of international law, whatever its imperfections, would have sufficed to secure a judicial hearing and decision, were it not for the one fundamental imperfection in that code against which the outlawry project is directed; namely, its legalizing of resort to force which enables any nation that thinks it can get away with it to constitute itself the final judge in its own cause. In reality the chief difficulty in discussion of an international code adequate for the purposes of a court is a subtle psychological one. Unconsciously we tend to project into the future situation all the attendants of the present system of legalized war, and thus fail to recognize the extent to which difficulties spring from the legalizing of war, and would disappear were war outlawed. One will come, I believe, to very different conclusions about the difficulties in the way of developing an adequate code according as he considers the actual antecedents of the wars that the world has endured in the last fifty years, or as he conjures up all possible conflicts of national interests. If he pursues the latter method, he will be likely to come out where Mr. Lippmann stands; if he takes the former course, he will see that these conflicts of interest resulted in war because war is now an authorized way of securing a settlement of disputes. Then he will acknowledge that the difficulties in connection with formation of a code are largely technical, and concern for the most part just those questions of procedure which jurists are accustomed and competent to deal with.

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To prove this point conclusively it would be necessary to take up the immediate antecedents of each of the wars of the last fifty years. In lieu of such a consideration we may appeal to the general belief that even arbitration if it were universally resorted to would prevent most wars, for it would provide time for passion to cool; it would prevent that almost fatalistic forward push of conflicting interests into war that now exists; it would provide publicity to unify and direct that enlightened public sentiment and judgment of the world which now is at the mercy of prejudice, clamor and propaganda.

Even more pertinent is consideration of the actual relation that obtains between the outbreak of war and the undoubted and undeniable conflicts of interest that exist and that will long continue to exist. There has been friction, for example, between Japan and the United States; and enough, to make some persons at least on both sides of the water talk about the prospect of war. Nominally much of this friction has been associated with our laws restricting immigration. Consequently one who thinks in general terms about international disputes may come to the conclusion that the international code would have to legislate upon the question of immigration, and point, as does Mr. Lippmann, to the extreme improbability that the United States Congress would ever entrust such legislation to an international assembly. But as matter of fact, Japan itself has regulations governing immigration into its territories as drastic as those of the United States, as well as strict laws regulating the alien ownership of real property. The history of diplomacy demonstrates that the issue of immigration is not the *cause* of war; friction on this point is merely utilized to arouse popular feeling to the point of supporting a war that is really waged for quite other reasons—in this case presumably economic causes connected with control of the Asiatic mainland.

It may be replied that to form a code that would regulate such economic conflicts would be even more difficult than one regulating immigration. The answer to this objection is that it would be totally unnecessary. The outstanding fact is that the avowed purposes of modern wars are never coincident with their actual causes. No one can conceive either Japan or the United States publicly avowing that its real object was the economic control or monopoly of China, and going to the Court for a decision on that case. By the nature of the case the only questions that could be taken to a court are avowed objective issues. The present legalizing of war makes possible a complete confusion of these avowed issues with hidden and unavowed conflicts of interest, honor and prestige. But the only causes that a court would pass upon and that a code has to cover are the reasons which a nation is willing openly to expose to the world; and resort to war after the court had decided the case against the nation would be a public confession of hypocrisy, and of an underlying predatory disposition. So far then is it from being true that an international code would have to pass upon all important questions of national prestige and honor, that the converse is true. Questions of prestige and honor are now of inflammatory importance because of the legalizing of war and the absence of a court; they will remain the main reliance in the technique of enlisting support of a war waged for unavowed reasons until war is outlawed. Then they will suddenly lose their present importance, except for a nation that is willing to defy by criminal action the decision of a court and the public opinion of the world.

I cannot conceive that any one will deny that the real causes of important modern wars are different from the avowed reasons for them, or that the gaining of popular support for most wars depends upon the power of foreign offices and the press to confuse the two. One of the chief grounds for belief in outlawry of war is that the creation of the judicial substitute for war would render it hard to keep up this confusion. We may take some instances from the list of causes of war put forth by Mr. Lippmann. "Are the natural resources of undeveloped countries the property of the natives to have and hold as they see fit, or have European and American nations rights in them?" This is an important and difficult question, but since it leads to war only as a concealed and not an avowed cause, the code would not have to legislate upon it. Can any one imagine that Germany would have seized Shantung upon the publicly avowed ground of control of raw materials? The alleged cause, the murder of nationals, is on the contrary precisely the sort of thing that a code and court can deal with. What would have happened in the Boer trouble, if the British had stated that their purpose was command of natural resources? "May Mexico confiscate American oil property?" I can readily imagine that under certain circumstances, oil might be the *real* cause of war between Mexico and the United States: I cannot imagine that the American people would ever go to war with Mexico if the avowed cause of the war were to support American oil interests, nor can I imagine any American government admitting this to be the cause of a war. On the other hand, property disputes are just the sort of thing that courts are always dealing with; it needs no radically new code to enable an international court to deal with them. "Do nations which happen to block the access of other nations to the sea owe any duty to landlocked peoples, which ought to limit their sovereign rights over their own ports and railroads?" I am far from denying that this is a genuine and important problem. But nations

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avowedly grab ports and go to war to get them, because of past national history, of interest in their nationals who are said to be a majority of the population and so on, not because of the economic claim. And since the latter issue would not go to the Court it does not have to be considered by the code.

To get a picture of the dependence of the possibility of securing support for war upon covering up economic causes with idealistic reasons, we need only recall that at one time the mere suggestion that the late World War was at bottom an economic conflict was almost enough to land its author in jail. Provision of a judicial substitute for war would almost automatically tend to disentangle the nominal and alleged reasons from the underlying conflict of interests, and make it necessary to refer the latter to the proper organs for dealing with them, namely, the agencies of negotiation and political adjustment. For, as I have said before in these columns, the friends of Outlawry do not urge it as a substitute for political means, but as the method of securing that division of labor between legal and political agencies that will alone enable both of them to function effectively. Any one who realizes the difference between the present system of lawless and anarchic international political action and political action as it would become when associated with law, will also perceive that, given the expression in law of the popular abhorrence of war, the difficulties in the way of developing a code for the purposes of a court are quite manageable. Discussion of its actual scope and content it such a technical matter that I gladly leave it to lawyers.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Scripture Lesson:

Sanderson of Oundle in a Youthful Mirror

BEFORE I go on to a discussion of the latest, broadest and most interesting phase of Sanderson's mental life, I would like to give my readers as vivid a picture as I can of his personality and his methods of delivery. I have tried to convey an impression of his stout and ruddy presence, his glancing spectacles, his short, compact but allusive delivery, his general personal jolliness. I will give now a sketch of one of his Scripture lessons made by two of the boys in the school. Nothing, I think, could convey so well his rich discursiveness or the affectionate humor he inspired throughout the school. Here it is.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

Delivered by F. W. Sanderson on Sunday, May 25, 1919, and taken down word for word by X and Y, and subsequently written up by them.

Limitations of space and time have prevented them from including all the lesson. Omissions have been indicated. They apologize for the lapses of the speaker into inaudibility, which were not their fault. They do not hold themselves in any way responsible for the opinions expressed herein.

ANALYSIS OF THE PORTIONS COPIED

Characteristic portions in the Gospel of St. Matthew.

Obstinacy of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board.

Character of the devil, according to some modern writers.

First act of our Lord on beginning the Galilean Ministry.

Empire Day.

Subject of the Scripture lessons—St. Matthew, chaps. iv and v.

(The Temptations, the commencement of the Galilean Ministry, the first portion of the Sermon on the Mount.)

"(The headmaster enters, worries his gown, sits down, adjusts his waistcoat, and coughs once.)

"The—um—er—I am taking you through the Gospel of St. Matthew. I think, as a matter of fact, we got to the end of the third chapter. We won't spend much time over the fourth. The fourth, I think, is the-er-er-Temptations, which I have already taken with you—a rather-er-very interesting-ah-very interesting-er-survival. That the Temptation Narrative should have survived shows that there is probably something of value in it or I do not think it would have survived. There are two incidents of very similar character of-er-very-er-similar character and-ah-different to a certain extent from everything else-er-ah. There is a boy in that corner not listening to me. Who is that boy in the corner there? No, not you—two rows in front. I will come down to you later, my boy. There are two incidents in the Gospel Narrative which are similar in-er-character and which I have for the moment called "Survivals"—very characteristic, namely the somewhat surprising narrative of the Temptation of our Lord, and the other the account of the Transfiguration. These are different in form and character from other narratives, just in the same way as the account of our Lord sending messages to the Baptist differs from others. Er—yes—that last one I should put them together as coming from a similar

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source (lapse into inaudibility—bow wow wow. Unique in characteristic—bow wow wow—Somewhat subtle—bow wow). One remarks that the Temptations are always looked at from the personal point of view, which I have put down in my synopsis. Has anybody here got my synopsis? Lend it to me a moment. I don't think the personal significance of the Gospel stories has importance nowadays. We needn't consider it. That's what I think about things in general. Personal importance giving place to universal needs. We are not so much concerned with whether boys do *evil* or not. Of course it annoys me if I find a boy doing evil. Leading others astray. Shockingly annoying. Oughtn't to be. Like continuous mathematics not enabling a boy to pass in arithmetic—bow wow wow—screw loose. See what I mean, K—? Not referring to you, my boy (laughter). Hunt me up something in Plato about all these things. During the last generation—

"(Half a page omitted.)

"Just in the same way from another point of view shall we live for our own advancement, which we are continually tempted to do? It's awfully annoying if you do certain things and people won't recognize them. I was pretty heftily annoyed myself at a meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Board. Professor Barker—great man—I nearly always agree with him. Professor Barker. They had made science compulsory for the school certificate. Bow wow wow. I don't want boys turned aside from their main purpose to have to get up scraps and snippets of science. Literary pursuits and so on. I wouldn't have it at any price. Bow wow wow. Modern languages are compulsory too. By looking at a boy's French set I can tell whether he can pass or not. Bow wow. Professor Barker proposed that science should be voluntary. I seconded him, but I said that languages should be voluntary as well. He didn't see that at all. Isn't it enough to make a man angry?

"(Half a dozen lines omitted from our notes as incomprehensible.)

"Now I am inclined to think that Satan in this Gospel is not intended to be the Satan of our minds—the prince of evil. He is intended to be more like the Satan in the book of Job. He is the devil's advocate. He argues for the other side. For the opposition. He is put up to create opposition. This may in itself be a valuable thing. I don't know that I need go further into it. I would just like to tell you this, boys. Some modern writers, especially Bernard Shaw, have a very high esteem for the devil. He* prefers hell to heaven. So he says. Of course he hasn't been there, so he can't tell. So he is voted a dangerous personage because, dear souls, they don't know what he means. What *he* means is that heaven as it has been run down to and God as He has been run down to—everything placid and simple and inactive and non-creative and sleepy. People don't worship God. They worship burble burble. They don't disturb their minds and think about things. That's what he means. Yes. Man and Superman. Activity of intellect. That's more or less what he has in mind. He prefers people doing something outrageously wrong than doing nothing at all. I don't know if it's true; it's all expressed in Greek thought.

"(Four pages omitted on running with the tide, Lloyd George, the importance of French in examinations, and the correct way of getting a true national spirit.)

"Well, our Lord now proceeded to found His Galilean Ministry. And what was the first thing he did, L—? It's quite obvious. What did he do? Obvious. Were you thinking of what I said just now? No, sir. My stream of words goes over you, not through you. Obvious. Now what was the first thing He did? What is obviously the first thing He did? Why, it's painfully obvious, even to L—. What was it? What? Where are we, L—? L— has lost the place. Which paragraph do I mean, L—? Read the paragraph I mean. No. I have finished that. Next one. Obvious. What is it about? Yes, what is it about? What is it about? Two or four? Yes, four! Now what is obvious? Obvious! Now you've just got it, and you're ten minutes behind. Of course. The first obvious thing He had to do was to get a band of faithful disciples. Very first thing He did. What did He call them to be. To be what? Fishers of Men. Obvious.

"(Five pages omitted on Empire Day, Medical Study, and Cancer.)

"Now the-er-the Sermon on the Mount. You have heard this ever since you were on your mother's knee. At least I hope so. Beyond the historical times of your memory. For you, the Sermon on the Mount is as old as the ages. And yet I dare trespass on the Sermon on the Mount. 'I've heard of it before,' you say. 'I'm tired of it. Do something fresh.' Boys, you must go and read old things and breathe into them the new Spirit of Life. Now what is that chapter in Ezekiel, boys? Do you know the number of the page, and the paragraph, and the chapter? No. What am I talking about? Why, the valley of dry bones. Never heard of it! No. Is it in Jeremiah, Ezekiel, or where, or Habakkuk? Is it in Ezekiel 1? No. 36? No. 37? Yes. Dry Bones. Bones. Yes. That's what. I am going to take you to a valley of dry bones. Dry Bones. Bones. It is your business to go into the dry bones of the past and cover them with flesh, and breathe into them the new Spirit. I often read the Sermon on the Mount. It never bores me. I have more excuse to be bored than you. I learned it, gracious goodness, how long ago! Beyond historic times. I loved it as a boy. Dry Bones.

* Mr. Shaw.

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"(Three pages on the Sermon on the Mount.)

"Now yesterday was Empire Day. Why did you want me to put the flag up? Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! Is not that it? (Yes, sir.) Dear boys! I shouldn't throw cold water on it for worlds. Well, you had your flag. It didn't fly. There was no wind behind it. There was no devil to blow it. Dear boys, you wanted that flag for a reason I think a shade wrong. It wouldn't be within the—what's the word I want—suited for our modern gauges. The new world won't come until we give up the idea of Conquest and Extension of Empire—no new kingdom until its members are imbued with the principles that competition is wrong, that conquest is wrong, that cooperativeness is right, and sacrifice a law of nature. Now, how do the seven Beatitudes read with *Rule Britannia*? Now you say you believe in your Bibles. You say you are Christians. Pious Christians. You would be most annoyed if I called you heathens. Well, if so, you believe that these are right:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Britannia rules the waves!

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see all that is worth seeing and living for. Wave your flag! Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God. Rule Britannia!

"Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness sake. Rule Britannia! It is incongruous. . . .

"Dear souls! My dear souls! I wouldn't lead you astray for anything. I can't explain it . . . this national spirit of yours. Beneath it all there is a spirit of great righteousness. I wouldn't tamper with it for thousands of pounds. But you must just see the other side. . . .

"(Starts on the Salt of the Earth, but is interrupted by time. Sets a heavy prep, and goes.)"

H. G. WELLS.

(*To be continued*)

Can These Bones Live?

ANOTHER stage has been reached in the liquidation of the Greek-Italian conflict. The great outstanding questions, on which the future of the League depends—its competence to deal with such disputes, the legitimacy of the occupation of Corfu, and the responsibility of a government for a political crime committed on its territory—have been referred to—whom? To the court? No. To the Assembly? No. To public opinion? No. But to the Council sitting, presumably in private, with legal assessors. How the questions they are to deal with will be formulated we do not yet know. But we know that there is to be no explicit reference to the facts out of which the whole controversy arose. Italy is not to be touched. Her innocence and rectitude are to be tacitly assumed. What is to be dealt with is the possible conduct of some state unknown, in some future crisis unimagined. If, and when, that crisis arises, the state in question will of course claim that its action does not fall within the general category defined by the Council. And recent events will be repeated again. For one great fact emerges clearly from the whole issue. The small powers dare not, and the great powers will not say to another great power, "You have done wrong, and the civilized world condemns you."

The defence of the attitude thus adopted by the Council is simple, and not without force. They say in effect, "We should have had war if we had taken any other course. As it is, we have avoided war. And isn't that what the League exists for?" The defence is strong on the face of it. But it may be challenged. For, in fact, should we have had war? Italy, one may be pretty sure, was restrained less by the League and its prestige than by England and France acting through the Conference of Ambassadors. If the Conference succeeded, it was because the whole situation of Europe helped them. There was not, as in 1914, a balance of two equal and opposite groups of states. The great war had just been ended, and no one, unless it were Italy, was ready for the next. And Italy was only ready for war with one small state. The diplomatic position allowed England and France to impose their will successfully. But if that were so, why should not the League, acting as the League, have been allowed to bring to bear all its moral force? As it is, the League did not so much fail, as shirk the issue; with the inevitable result that it has lost prestige and public support. Those who believe in it are damped and discouraged. Those who disbelieve are elated and contemptuous. Above all, the United States, Germany, and Russia are farther than ever from wishing to join it. A German here and a friend of the League has said: "Where there were a hundred Germans in favor of the ref-

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erence of reparations to the League there are now only twenty." And his friend replied, "Oh, fewer than that."

The cardinal fact is that the Assembly has been muzzled throughout. Through the whole crisis it was not allowed, or did not allow itself, to meet. When it did meet, it passed no motion and made no demonstration. One or two speeches were made, hinting rather than expressing condemnation of the Italian action. The general tone was one of congratulation to the Council. Yet it is known that all the smaller states are unanimous in their condemnation of an act which threatened them all by implication. Why did they not speak up? Presumably because France and England urged them not to, and they were too timid to unite in the face of that warning. The great powers are like prefects in a school. They regard themselves as above the rules they impose on the little boys. They will never condemn one another, still less allow the small boys to do so. For any one of them may want at any time to do the thing condemned. The Italian representative on the Council, Signor Salandra, did actually state that a great power must not be treated like a little one. The claim was not admitted, but action was followed as though it were. Italy said she would submit to the Ambassadors, but not to the League. And the small states had not the pluck and the conviction to stand together, to put a resolution in the Assembly, to vote for it unanimously themselves, and to put France and Great Britain in the dilemma of voting for them or of abstaining. If that were done, it is said, Italy would have left the League. Well, I venture to think that the League would have been all the stronger.

For the League lives by and through public opinion. It has practically no other power. To refuse to mobilize this opinion, to damp it down, to pretend it does not exist, is in effect to destroy it. The result is that opinion detaches itself from the League, silently but none the less surely; and it is the opinion which might have helped it most that is first alienated. Men will endure, in the object of their faith, errors and precipitancies. One thing they will not endure, and that is cowardice. And it is cowardice of which the League is dying.

This may be illustrated from another case. For four years the problem of reparations has been destroying Europe. France has stood like a wall against reason, humanity, and common sense. England has wobbled, compromised, connived until she has lost all credit and all influence in Europe. Meantime, what has the League done? Last year it passed a resolution offering to intervene if invited by the governments interested. The resolution fell like a stone into a well so deep that not even the splash was heard. Another year went on, France occupied the Ruhr, with the results we all perceive. The British government disagreed, but wished France success. Now Germany, and with her all Central Europe, is on the verge of dissolution. Once more the League meets. At one of its committees the question of reparations is to be raised. The French delegates receive orders to bar the discussion. The committee obeys the order, the motion is withdrawn, and the committee congratulated by its chairman on the moderation and conciliation it has shown.

Then comes the Assembly. Two speeches are made: one by Dr. Nansen, one by Professor Gilbert Murray expressing the anxiety with which the world is watching the agony of Germany and appealing to the governments to permit a solution. Professor Murray's speech was a great event, or would have been in a body that meant, or was capable of, business. He pierced for a moment the cobweb of abstractions behind which statesmen pursue their course of crime and folly, and he appealed straight to the humanity that lies at the heart of all sane men. "And now," he said, "the Germans are suffering for the crimes of their rulers. That is a normal process: it is common enough in history. Yet I am not happy about those wide-flung executions of vindictive justice which fall heaviest upon the innocent, which fall heaviest upon those who had no power, and therefore no guilt—upon workmen and women and little children. If that is the extreme of justice, then indeed summum jus summa injuria. It is almost a common form for people who speak on the line I have taken to say they have no sympathy with Germany, no pity for Germans. I cannot claim to that magisterial hardness of heart." This speech, we are told, produced an effect, but it produced no result. The delegates of that French government which is sedulously engaged in destroying Europe, by claiming her pound of flesh, sat silent, angry, and contemptuous. Lord Robert Cecil, no doubt under instructions, sat silent too. Such a price must he pay, and the world with him, for being the delegate of England instead of South Africa. Once more the stone fell into the well. Once more no splash was heard, and the Assembly passed on to other questions. A few more weeks and Central Europe may be a seething mass of anarchy. The League foresaw and was powerless to prevent it.

I see no use in disguising, under pleasant phrases, such facts as these. I know as well as another the excuses and explanations which may be advanced. These may even be sufficient. But they cannot alter either the fact or its consequences. The League of Nations lies powerless, because the great powers, armed with the Treaty of Peace, sit upon its chest. Unless and until the little powers or powerlessnesses will assert themselves, unless world-opinion shall be presented by them with a force which will terrorize arms, there

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is, in the long run, no hope for the League. But to say there is no hope for the League is to say there is none for civilization, or mankind. The League has done, and is doing, good work in minor matters. But unless it can do the one thing for which it was created, unless it can stand up against a great power that is in the wrong, mobilize world-opinion against it and come off victorious, all else it does is worth little. For if war is to continue, all the best that men can do is but the fattening of the victims for their slaughter in the next catastrophe.

G. Lowes Dickinson.

Geneva, September 24.

Sacred and Profane Love

Launzi, by Ferenc Molnar, translated by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Plymouth Theatre, October 10, 1923.

WHEN the curtain at the Plymouth rises on Molnar's Sacred and Profane Love we see what we rarely see on our stage with plays imported from the Continent, a room that has the right quality. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has designed a place that exhibits a distinction which is both austere and exotic, severe and at the same time the last word in a rich, traditional culture and luxurious choice. Crystal, gold, brown, baroque curves and straight, ample spaces, with windows on the Adriatic, we have; and in the midst of it Miss Adrienne Morrison with manner and speech and clothes and good looks enough to establish her position there. Claire speaks with Frederick, the millionaire for whom she has deserted her composer husband; Frederick is jealous of the young man who has been staring after her on the beach. Launzi, Claire's daughter, comes running in out of the storm bringing with her the young man, Imre. Launzi goes out to find dry clothing and Imre breaks into hectic adoration of Claire. He is blond, virginal, temperate, a poor technical student—and most convincingly acted by Mr. Saxon Kling—he has never had a mistress, he adores sports, he cannot live without Claire. Launzi's wings arrive, ordered for her by Frederick; in them she will masquerade as an angel. Launzi returns and overhears Imre's confession of love; and the life goes out of her. Imre departs. The mother and daughter talk. The girl is sick of her friends, whose faults and sins distress her; she is sick of her own skin, which is too tight; she aspires to perfection; she hates life; she despises her wings, which are only glue and muslin; if when you plucked a feather from them they bled, that would be something. And so mother and daughter talk, apart, together, love, antagonism between them, until Claire drags the girl away to a café.

What their talk is cannot be conveyed; it is full of Continental sublety and sophistication, it is full of theatre craft and sublimated theatre trickery. It shows Molnar's as a finished hand at the theatre game. It may be in fact almost great writing. But whether it is great or not I could not see my way to investigate because of Miss Lord's acting. I can think of no actress in our theatre who could give to the part of this young girl, angelic, abnormal, already on a plane very near to madness, and sick with a divine and very human love for the youth who is infatuated with her scented and worldly mother—whom she too adores—such poignant and exact pathos as Miss Lord achieves. She has a beautiful and subtle quality all through the scene, simple and precise like great realistic poetry, and varied constantly and imperceptibly. She has a tragic naturalness close to perfection, and a little broken rhythm in movement and in speech that carries the part further and more profoundly—as does also Mr. Hopkins's conception of the play—than Molnar could ever have conceived.

The second scene is Claire's bedroom, another magnificent, exotic chamber, severe in the grand style. Launzi and her mother talk. Claire tells her that Imre has been consorting with the housemaid. Imre appears; he is mad for Claire, hysterical, ashamed. Frederick comes, slaps Imre's cheek and kicks him from the room. Left alone, the mother and daughter talk. Both of them love Imre, though worlds lie between their two kinds of love. Launzi will not go to Paris next day with her mother nor to America later; they must live apart; she will return to her father. And then comes another indescribable conversation between Launzi and her mother, another scene extraordinarily contrived theatrically and packed with subtle and moving reactions and speeches. Miss Morrison is a little less adequate this time. Miss Lord is better than ever; a quality that sublimates itself into divine pity, frankness and reticence, and harsh youth; and so beautifully and shyly felt that I kept wishing Duse might see it when she comes. Miss Lord has passed anything she did even at her best in Anna Christie; she has now more transparency and fluidity, her art is closer to herself.

In the next act the scene takes place at a ferry on the Danube, a very fine setting tragically imagined, straight lines, low, flat walls, and a night sky with a long, torn edge of cloud across. Launzi has tried to drown herself; she has written Imre of her love and has begged him to come and see her on her bier. Already her mind is touched, broken down with her dark little life. The sisters waiting at the ferry, operatic nuns, somewhat stuffy in manner and celestial speech—I should like at least one of them just once to commit the sin of elision and say it's for it is—comfort Launzi. Her father comes, bringing an alienist. Launzi will not go with them until her father swears to make her a bier with candles by it and bring Imre there that she may hear his sigh for her, since she has died for him. Sister Redempta goes home with them. Miss Lord does the whole scene beautifully and securely.

The next scene ventures upon a situation which only the greatest poetic and dramatic imagination should tackle. The trouble starts with the blue on the walls, which seemed to me unhappy, and with the plumpness of it; though the lace and silver and flowers of the bier were incredibly effective. Launzi takes her place, Imre comes; her uncontrollable sobs betray her, he speaks of love to Launzi but finally cries out for Claire. Launzi sends him away and goes back to her bier. There is sublety here in places; something over much of Ophelia if you like, but Molnar has contrived speeches that are full of madness and fantastic twists of the soul and passion. Before the scene ends the mere contrivance seems uppermost. I have no more belief in the play except as a theatrical vehicle, and even in that a great lack of taste appears. And when the young man, like Galahad turned to a crow, with the white band about his duel-wounded brow, the black suit, the white flowers and the Schiller speeches, comes on, it is too much; taste has fled indeed and we approach the ludicrous; it is all too German, merely romantic German. And Miss Lord in the extreme outburst of passionate, despairing love fails to achieve any

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important degree of tragic power, though again she has progressed since her climax in Anna Christie, progressed a great deal. She cannot do this positive action yet, certainly not with the same heights that she attains in other moments, though she may very well be on the way to it. And the falsity of the lines, with their theatrical claptrap and glibness, are perhaps as much the trouble as anything in Miss Lord's acting.

The last act happens in the attic room—another beautiful setting—in the house of Launzi's father's mother. Launzi for four months has lived under the delusion that she is an angel in the next world. She wears the wings always. When people speak to her she thinks, having no doubt read Maeterlinck and Hauptmann's Hannele on earth, that they are dreaming of her. Imre never dreams of her, he is in Switzerland and is to marry a Norwegian girl. Her mother arrives, fresh from the milliner's. Miss Morrison this time is packed into a smart costume, with a fur piece at the neck and a cock feathered hat over her eyes, and smartly invisible hosiery. False and bad through and through it is; though Miss Morrison does manage to sigh through the fur and to get her weeping gesture between the brim of the hat and the scarlet sad lips. The children of Bethlehem come and enact the Shepherd's Play, one or two of them good; the rest—though Miss Lord's words to them and her manner were so delicate and wistful that you almost believe them sufferable now and then—impossible, painted stage children speaking barbarous East Side, especially the angels. At length when she is left alone Launzi hears the children again, singing on the road far below the window. She flies out of the window to them and so to her death. In this scene, as far as the author allowed, and in spite of Miss Morrison's tailor and shallow pangs, and in spite of the melodious dignity of her father—Mr. Albert Bruning—and her entirely wrongly acted grandmother, Miss Lord was moving and right. She never for a moment forced, as most actresses even good ones, would have done. And to this scene most of all she brought what she had brought to all her work, something so sincere and close that you could not imagine, even in a run of five hundred performances, its ever being lost.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Inheriting Acquired Characteristics

SIR: In the New Republic of August 22 1923, (page 361) Mr. B. M. Haggin states that my breeding experiments with the spotted salamander (Salamandra maculosa) speak against the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

Mr. Haggin assumes that character changes, produced by artificially changed environment, disappear when the breeding experiment is transferred to, and continued in, the original surroundings. Furthermore, Mr. Haggin expresses the opinion that the germ-plasm, which produced the offspring with changed characters, was not influenced by the changed body of the parents but directly by the changed environment.

Even though both these assumptions could arise from a perusal of my article in the New Republic of July 25 1923, (page 226) they are untenable in the light of my original paper, which also contains a report of all the controlling tests. The young of the changed parents—and even more than one generation—were actually *restored* to their normal environments, but just the same retained their new characteristics. That these new characteristics are transmitted to the offspring through the body of the parent and are not caused directly by the environment is proven by my experiments of interchanging the ovaries of the changed and unchanged salamanders.

If the ovaries of *spotted* females are transplanted into *naturally striped* ones, the appearance of the young is determined by the origin of the ovaries—according to the true mother and not according to the foster mother. They are always irregularly spotted. If, on the other hand, ovaries of spotted females are transplanted into *artificially striped* ones, then, if the father is spotted, the young are line-spotted. If the father is striped, the young are wholly striped. These experiments on ovarian transplantation first led me to consider the possibility of the true inheritance of somatogenetic ("acquired") characters.

I hope that during my lecture tour through the United States, this fall and winter, I may be able to prove my assertions more explicitly than can be done within the limited space I am granted here. I further hope that, by presenting stereoptican views of specimens of my breeding experiments, I will be in a better position to support my respective findings.

Vienna. PAUL KAMMERER.

Clement Wood's Article

SIR: A regular reader of the New Republic, I read Mr. Clement Wood's Sex article on September 12 with a bit more than the usual interest, for it is unusual to see carried into the domain of Sex the same frankness and the same freedom to generalize rightly and wrongly that we are habituated to in other matters of social policy. I strongly commend the New Republic for printing it. If an apologia were needed, the editorial in your issue of October 10 has adequately supplied it; it was well written and it was well that it is said.

There is a justification of the Wood article found in the mass of correspondence you have printed in this issue. On what other subject, pray, would so earnest and wide a response have arisen? The correspondents classify as doctors, ministers, women, and others. Of the doctors, the wise are generally suspicious: they have not as a rule been on the side of the angels. Of the ministers one feels uncertain also, for the argumentative potency of "Jesus" rests, today, upon a modern independent justification, or upon nothing at all. Of the women, one feels appreciative, but as yet we must question their reliability as generalizers for men.

Mr. Wood's article is undoubtedly a compound of right and wrong. It would not be particularly stimulating or especially useful if it were not. According to the present writer's views, Mr. Street's communication shows up the weaknesses of Mr. Wood's position; and Miss Marini's communication embodies what, if anything, can prove it sound.

In the meantime, the mass of men and women in our society, young and old, are settling it their own way—without pausing to take pen in hand. And, in the long run, it is that which is going to prove the case. EDWARD H. DAVIS.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

SIR: I wish to thank you for Mr. Clement Wood's recent article and equally for the replies (protests) to it. After all, the views of any of us on sex morality are pretty closely hedged about by our own experiences and personal fears. It seems to me that in no other human relationship is the solitude of the Soul more plainly seen. LAURA P. YOUNG.

Oak Park, Illinois.

O. Henry on Immigration

SIR: I was interested to run across this minute sketch of Americanization as practiced in the year of grace 1905, in one of O. Henry's stories, The Foreign Policy of Company 99:

> One of the transatlantic liners dumped out at Ellis Island a lump of protozoa which was expected to evolve into an American citizen. A steward kicked him down the gangway, a doctor pounced upon his eyes like a raven, seeking for trachoma or ophthalmia; he was hustled ashore and ejected into the city in the name of Liberty—perhaps, theoretically, thus inoculating against kingocracy with a drop of its own virus. TENCH T. MARYE.

Washington, D. C.

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Books and Things

WERE I to follow the old rules—Gibbon's weren't they?—and set down, before beginning to read it, what I expect to learn from Lord Charnwood's Life of Theodore Roosevelt, I should never have done. So I had better confine myself to describing a single one of the perplexities from which I hope his book will deliver me.

By little and little, for reasons I don't know any too well, my opinion of Colonel Roosevelt has altered a good deal in the last twenty years. During the campaign of 1904 I was living in Switzerland, and it was in a Geneva paper that I read his reply to what Judge Parker had said about corporation contributions to the Republican campaign fund. To call that reply "ringing" would be an understatement of its effect upon me in the autumn of 1904. Even when translated into French the Colonel's words went off like the explosion of a bomb. I remember with clearness my enthusiasm upon this occasion. With pride and patriotism I lived for days upon the righteous emphasis of that denial. How gloriously truth could be aggravated by the character of the man who uttered it! Mine was the country fortunate enough to have a President whose word was as good as anything else that was his!

It would be asking too much of Lord Charnwood to expect him to give me back this particular lost state of mind. It would be asking for more than I want. In the estimate of Colonel Roosevelt which I wish to recover I should prefer credulity to play a less conspicuous part. It is not to my state of mind in 1904, nor yet to my state of mind in June, 1910, when Colonel Roosevelt arrived in New York from Africa and Europe, that I should like Lord Charnwood to show me the way home. I ask him to put back the clock for me not more than eleven years. What I thought of Colonel Roosevelt at the end of the campaign of 1912, a campaign which changed many men's minds about him although leaving their desire for his election intact—that is about what I should like to think of him now.

An unreasonable wish? Not unless one makes the assumption that today's opinion is always a nearer approximation to the truth than yesterday's, and tomorrow's nearer than today's. It is a large assumption. The years bring fresh data, to be sure, but they fade a lot of old data, just as important, just as relevant. I pray that my old age may be exempt from the hallucination that any opinion I may then entertain must be sounder because later in time than its predecessors. Not even the worst sufferer from this hallucination deems the clothes he is wearing better because made later than those he used to wear. If those old clothes wouldn't fit his contemporary body, that may be because his body is no longer what it once was, but too fat or too lean, warped and stooped.

A wish not thus to be the dupe of time gets aid and comfort, in my case, from a wish not to be the dupe of the war. It must be the war which has brought me to the absurdity of feeling that the presidency, from September, 1901, to March, 1909, was a place not quite large enough for Theodore Roosevelt; that as President he was chiefly employed upon tasks which were difficult enough, Heaven knows, and which yet were not quite worthy of his omnivorous energy, his superlative will. He was so obviously, he so looked and dressed the part of, the man for a world-high occasion that he appears, as an indefatigable dealer with occasions of moderate size, somewhat thrown away. Looking back upon his years in the presidency, upon those seven and a half active, high-minded, adroit years, chock full of major wrath and minor crisis, one can't help thinking of Gladstone's speech upon the Maynooth grant, a speech rather earthquake-and-eclipse-colored, I understand, and of Disraeli's summary of it when he began his answer: "To what end does he thus seek to convulse the nation? That the students of Maynooth, who have heretofore slept three in a bed, may henceforth sleep two in a bed."

There in the presidency Colonel Roosevelt stood for the better part of eight years, and called fire from Heaven down upon the altar. The strangest scene-shiftings were taking place. His back against the wall at one moment, at the next his antagonists were eating from his hand. A charge that looked like a forlorn hope, steeped in romance, transformed itself into the advance of a good working majority. Or else the leader, who had put out to sea, and appeared to be beating with skill and tenacity to windward, was suddenly sighted at the harbor mouth, wafted thither by the favorable wind he so well knew how to raise. And all this while, engaged industriously upon daily businesslike labors, our captain was making gestures and shouting orders which would have been appropriate if his occupation had been to ride the whirlwind, or perhaps to decree, turning his megaphone towards the ocean: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

And then the whirlwind came, and found him, rather tragically I still believe, not in the rider's seat. A whirlwind of war in which all those stormy gestures and discharges of high-power anger would have been so exactly at home that in their own places, seen across the war, they appear too loud and too large for any occasion that had then arisen, as if he had magnified and inflated them in obedience to a deep-seated yearning to have the foemen they were shaken in the face of, thundered at, subdued by, more worthy of all that steel. Seldom, I suppose, can a statesman have missed by so few years, by so few votes, the chance to do the work he would have loved best. And today it is easy to believe he would have done it well. With Roosevelt as President we should have gone into the war earlier, the war would have ended earlier, it might not have had time to break this world's back past mending.

Through his presidential terms, down to the election of 1912, Colonel Roosevelt was what he was, not what the war has made him look like. His achievements are seen amiss if they are seen dwarfed by the gigantic labors to which the gods refused to let him set his hand. They are seen amiss if we contrast them, except now and then, with the immensities he often took them for. From Lord Charnwood's book I hope to recover innocence of eye for the work Colonel Roosevelt did in this world, before the great opportunity he would have given his life for fell to another man.

I am counting, you see, upon Lord Charnwood's persuasiveness, so like what used to be called the persuasiveness of truth and nature. And even if only almost persuaded, I am certain to be absorbed and charmed, certain to admire again that superb judgment of human values which makes his Lincoln such a great book morally. Lord Charnwood prizes courage, decision, patience, the intuitions of worldliness as well as the others, imagination, modesty, long-suffering, clearness in mind and heart, magnanimity, style. Some of these he found in Lincoln. Others he has doubtless found in Roosevelt. Not all were the common property of both.

P. L.

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Italian Painting

A History of Italian Painting, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

SINCE the collapse of Impressionism, painters of brains and energy have affronted the smug sterility of academic thought by a rapid succession of new and amazing art-forms. The freshness of the modern vision, the belligerent health and sensible realism of the recent masters, the psychological investigation of the intrinsic appeal of pictures, and most important of all, the unassailable idea that painting has a fundamental social value, that it is a release for intelligent creative activity, and not a conventionalized pastime—these things have influenced the plastic talent of every civilized community. So far so good. But art, in its essential meaning, is directly related to the evolution and development of thought—it is not only expressive of the emotional drama of human life, but is also a powerful factor in progressive experience. As such it becomes involved in historical and philosophical problems, and makes the highest demands of literary ability. In short, the true critic of the arts must be more than an adept chronicler; he must be able to assimilate ideas, to understand tendencies, and to coordinate the concrete art-forms with the prevailing spiritual currents of his own or past epochs. Unfortunately most of our critics are journalists or professors. In fact, it is disheartening to see how far behind the vigorous and inspiring beauty of modernist painting is contemporary criticism. We have, on the one hand, the blatant exponents of every eccentricity parading under the banner of the new movement, and on the other, the sublime antiquarians who dwell forever in the secret places of the High Renaissance. In the second category belongs Mr. Mather, the amiable luminary of Princeton.

That Mr. Mather should have elected to write of the art which flowered in the lands bordering the Mediterranean—indubitably the most magnificent painting ever produced in the occidental world—is very commendable. It is true that the literature of Italian painting from Giotto to Titian is already enormous in amount, but it is, for the most part, either dull statistics or fatuous word-painting. There is a crying need at present for a thorough examination of the subject—the most distinguished representatives of the modernist schools have been profoundly actuated by Renaissance ideals—and Mr. Mather is aware of this need. But his efforts to write the blue-ribbon book on the art of Italy are far from successful. In one department alone is he qualified to approach the task: he has an uncanny gift for running down origins and tracing authenticities; and to this he adds diligence, information, and the proud belief that art is a noble and a joyous practice.

Mr. Mather has designed his history for popular consumption; primarily for the classroom and the traveller; the work is bound in flexible covers; the illustrations are profuse and well-selected; and the notes are bundled together at the end of the volume so that the reader may not be tempted into digressions. To counteract the popular aversion for dry facts and dates, he has plumped jovial colloquialisms and episodes into the text. The narrative passages are cleverly introduced and, in themselves, entertaining; but they have little bearing on the meaning of art. Everything is systematically presented, neatly documented, and carried off with an air of pedantic authority—the guide-book par excellence. But the author has misjudged the modern audience: he has lived so long in the shadow of the great past, and has surrendered his initiative so unreservedly to Renaissance formalism, that he is imperially oblivious of the demands and expectations of the younger generation. The student of today is not the somnolent dolt of a few years past; he is an aggressive, ardent fellow whose aesthetic sensibilities have been rudely awakened by the militant and vital discoveries of the Post-Impressionists; he is as sceptical of antiquity as was the late Samuel Butler, and is not likely to be fooled by a professor, who is, after all, only a dead shot with dates and ascriptions. It is all very well to say that the "problem of the Florentine painter for more than two and a half centuries was to give significant emotion convincing mass" (why not convincing mass significant emotion?) . . . that Giotto, one time "a sprightly illustrator" was "as great as any artist on the rolls of history". . . that "Michael Angelo's God is the most sublime conception in painting." . . . that the "Sistine Madonna is ineffably grand and gentle". . . and that "Titian's mind worked socially and concretely"—but the student asks to be shown. He has heard these lofty utterances before, and has no patience with pompous reiterations. Reasonably he demands to know what it is all about; why the Renaissance endures as a spiritual stimulus; how the artist of today derives from the conceptions of the past; what caused the degradation of the classical ideal.

It is precisely upon these points that Mr. Mather comes to grief. Without a knowledge of psychology the complex problems of painting as an imaginative art can hardly be stated, much less solved. Familiarity with pictures is not enough—obviously the author has plenty of first-hand impressions—the critic must understand the workings of the creative mind and the community of interest which binds every artist to the life of his age. Possessed of these, he is in position to explain the fertility of former periods, and to throw light upon the permanent elements of painting. Renaissance art, after four hundred years, is still capable of administering to human needs. Why? Mr. Mather is silent.

Whenever art has been a truly spiritual iconography; that is to say, when it has been instigated by the profound humanities of religious and social interests, the world has been enriched by an extraordinary variety of forms. The frescoes of Giotto are the greatest examples of monumental design growing out of a purely religious conviction. Mr. Mather, with his keen instinct for following trails, might have written a remarkable book if he had outlined the decay of the Christian spirit and the consequent effect upon pictorial expression. As the church became corrupt, the artist grew more and more pagan; he fell back upon nature and the Greeks; and though his scientific studies were subordinated to the imagination, the fine fervor of Giotto was supplanted by a more conscious ideation. Gradually the purity of form was weakened; portraiture increased in popularity; a bastard textural brilliancy was insinuated into painting; and with Tintoretto and Veronese the glory of the Italian tradition was finished. So today: the most significant plastic uprising since the Renaissance is already perishing for want of intense, unifying conviction; and modernist art without spiritual nourishment of some sort cannot survive by putting forth still-lifes, cubes, and abstractions.

To condense the complicated painting of Italy into a single small volume is, of course, a difficult matter; and we must credit Mr. Mather with an extensive knowledge of externals, and a warm desire to tell his story in a rapid

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and readable manner. He is, however, no aesthetician; and in the last analysis seldom arrives at fundamental valuations. He interprets pictures as if they were divine illustrations, and his opinions on composition are academic and unconvincing. The organizing faculties of man, the immanent unity of form and content, the relation of mind to medium, have escaped him completely; in a word, he considers the act of externalizing impressions as a recondite formula peculiar to the Renaissance workmen. He writes learnedly of depth and mass and distance, but fails to make clear that the mere realization of a tri-dimensional scheme has no aesthetic validity unless it is indicative of ordered space embodying the emotionalized experiences of the artist. His chapter on Masaccio is an instance of his refusal to take advantage of living issues: here, if anywhere, was the opportunity to compare the realism of the fifteenth century with the realistic achievements of Cézanne, Renoir, and other prominent modernists. The business of the historical critic is to apply the art of the past to contemporary needs; and Mr. Mather, because of his inability to perform such a service, has written only another book on painting.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

The English Note

A Reversion to Type, by E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Tantalus, by Dorothy Easton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ANY one who follows the current fiction of English and American authorship must be impressed by certain differences which tend to become typical. For one thing, the social background of the English novelists is of more stable and enduring quality. The fabric of human life upon which the pattern of the story is traced is firm and closely woven, material which the writer can know thoroughly and with which he can deal confidently. The English novelist has a human background which has been moulded and shaped in social processes until it is ready for draftmanship and color. His American contemporary must deal with cruder stuff, more striking to the eye but less intimately understood. The difference is akin to that which the painter recognizes between landscape and scenery. And it necessarily follows that the technique of the English novel is more exact and assured, less fragmentary and experimental.

The difference will be clear if we compare May Sinclair and E. M. Forster with Willa Cather and Theodore Dreiser, or D. H. Lawrence with Sherwood Anderson, or to choose extreme types, Virginia Woolf's Jacob's Room with Evelyn Scott's Narrow House. It is true, the English novel of today in contrast with that of a generation ago reminds us that the social fabric is ravelling and decaying. In England as in America the novelist is driven more and more to deal with conditions and resulting types which he recognizes as departing from the historical normal. Nevertheless the autumnal beauty of current English fiction, through which the stark, naked elements of gray branches and brown earth begin to appear, owes much of its charm to the symmetry of the ordered lines and moulded contours of the life which it presents.

These conclusions are borne out by the two novels whose names stand at the head of this article. Both are institutional novels—one of county aristocracy, the other of clerical life. In both the background is thoroughly known, and faithfully presented, and in both the story grows directly out of the social soil and has its roots deep in the social heredity of the characters.

Since her first book, The War Workers, Miss Delafield has enjoyed a reputation for satiric realism, strengthened by The Pelicans, Humbug, The Optimist. These stories owed their effect largely to deftness of dialogue, concentration of theme, neatness of construction. In Consequences she prepared a larger design and in Tension she etched more deeply. In all, however, she was primarily the artificer; her detachment was a little bleak and her skill a little inhuman. Now in A Reversion to Type she has combined the qualities of the two most significant of her earlier books; she has dealt with life in a longer perspective and driven by more tragic forces. As in Miss Kaye-Smith's The End of the House of Alard, the social motive of the book is the passing of a great family; but while the Alards go down to ruin in economic changes, the Aviolets are struck more deeply in the blood itself. Sir Thomas and Lady Aviolet are of the type of county greatness, and like Sir John and Lady Alard go back to the Bertrams of Mansfield Park for their perfect model. Into their drawing-room life comes the strident commonness of Rose, their low middle class daughter-in-law; and into their holy of holies of conventional honor comes their grandson Cecil who lies and skulks and funks. The force of the tragedy is immensely heightened by this background of the impercipient. Family interest and heredity amplify the psychological theme of inferiority and compensation, which working itself out in an ordered society gives us, instead of a mere morbid episode, a fully developed novel with the human interest centering in a child who is the victim of the ages. It is to be noted, however, that Miss Delafield turns aside from the final fate of the stricken heir of the Aviolets, and leaves us by way of satisfaction, the completion of Rose's love story which throughout we are rather asked to take for granted. But after all a novel must have its curtain, and a word more of Cecil would be superfluous.

Tantalus is a very much simpler tale than A Reversion to Type; the situation is elementary, the theme universal, the characters starkly natural—the Vicar of Hartake, his wife, and a French girl whom the war brings into his home as a governess. From The Scarlet Letter to The Damnation of Theron Ware the temptation of the clergy by the flesh has been a common situation in American fiction, and it may be admitted at once that Tantalus will not stand comparison with either of these books in creation of individual character, or as a study of the test of conscience. Miss Easton, like Mr. Galsworthy, is more concerned with the public aspect of sin which is scandal. But her book is an excellent illustration of the richness of the English background, the family, the town, the church, institutions which have fixed life in its grooves and stamped it with a character which is in process of breaking down. And the solution of the story is not individual, a reconciliation with conscience. Renunciation, the conventional ending of serious Victorian fiction, is there, but it so obviously would be there, it is so much a matter of course, that Miss Easton does not pause upon it. The story ends, as it begins, in church, the vicar trying to play his part in a social complex. His final sermon is not a confession: it is a challenge to his people and to the world. "Don't judge . . . What right has the untried sheltered soul to judge? If you see your brother falling—*love him!*"

A Reversion to Type is a finished performance, to which

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ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Mr. Lawrence on American Literature

Studies in Classic American Literature, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.00.

IN the latest of his novels, D. H. Lawrence refers to his hero as struggling with the problem of himself and calling it Australia. One might feel that behind Studies in Classic American Literature there is Lawrence struggling with Lawrence and calling it a study of America. Classic American literature is a new phrase to most of us, who wonder just what it can embrace. When we see that it includes Franklin, Crèvecoeur, Fenimore Cooper, Dana, Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, and Walt Whitman we gasp with abashed recollection.

Franklin, and Cooper, and Hawthorne, and Dana, and Melville have been delivered over into the hands of the gift-book makers and the "juvenile" eight-to-thirteen lists so often that it comes as a distinct shock to realize that they were written by adults for adult readers and are quite deserving of adult criticism. It is well to be reminded that Two Years Before the Mast is more than an adventure story to read to your grandchildren on rainy days, and that Leatherstocking and Crèvecoeur follow the best traditions of symbolism. "Cooper of the wind and wave," sang Robert Louis Stevenson in Treasure Island as if it were a complete summary. But to Lawrence's mind Cooper stands as a literary snob indulging in a series of wish-fulfillments.

All of the writers considered are, according to Lawrence, liars of one degree or another whose books happen to contain the truth if you will only stop listening to their authors. Benjamin Franklin and his Thirteen Virtues, his aphorisms and his rules of moral behavior "goad" Lawrence into compiling a list of opposite recipes in a cook-book of conduct. The Scarlet Letter appeals to him as "the greatest allegory ever penned," but it is so for its undercurrents and not for its surface. The Blithedale Romance stands out as a psychopathic clinical case done over into a novel. Edgar Allan Poe is judged less sanely on the grounds of Ligeia and the Fall of the House of Usher, Melville exhibited as a sort of sea-faring William Blake, and Whitman punctured for the smallness of his universality.

Lawrence is full of ideas, but he lets them fly half-fledged. His positive, staccato, repetitious style is effective when it isn't exasperating. The logician languishes before the literary fellow turning a neat phrase. He sets as his goal being frank and straightforward and writes his views merely as his opinions and not as universal truths. But he upsets the effect of this by taking his opinions so very seriously. Again and again he falls a victim to his own metaphors, and too frequently seems to have made the argument fit the phrase. In the paper on Franklin he conceives the notion of calling Franklin's God a heavenly store-keeper, handing out sweets and punishments over a counter, "the everlasting Wanamaker" in a word. But he likes the idea so well that he drags it in twice, which spoils it all. Dimmesdale's and Hester Prynne's love-child happens to be named Pearl. Pearl? Lawrence's—and our—senses of allusion prick up their ears. Pearl—pearl without price—before swine—in vinegar—string of—black pearl, they are all there, and all find a place of emphasis as arguments. Which makes entertaining reading but not criticism.

Women as a sex fare rather worse at his hands than they do at the authors'. Poe was fascinated by his Ligeia, but Lawrence is afraid of her. Hawthorne may have created his little medium, Priscilla, (a medium, in Lawrence's phrase, being a sort of prostitute soul) with his tongue in his cheek, but Lawrence is in horror of her. The prudes of Cooper disgust him. Only the island savage in Melville's book seems alluring, and, sure enough, he manages to find a distaste for her in the end. His criticisms occasionally rise almost to a scream. To explain and to exclaim are interchangeable in his method.

Here is, in the end, an original book, full of much excellence, which gets its originality from the playing of new psycho-analytically derived methods on old familiar (and hence unknown) subjects, from a mixture of introspection and examination, from a fervor of expression and a great deal of common sense. Again and again Lawrence is given to finding similes for himself, whether for his own benefit or ours it is hard to say. On page 141 he is "a tame wolf unable to shake off his tameness." In the Franklin paper he is a dark forest peopled by strange gods. Again and again he becomes almost fanatical on the subject of the Holy Ghost, which is another name for the dark forest, which is all, I suppose, a province in the great Freudian domain of the sub-conscious. All of this doubtless means very much to Lawrence himself, and is fairly plain to the reader, but a little disconcerting.

KURT L. DANIELS.

The Root of All Evil

Money, by William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A POPULAR book on economics which contains more sense than nonsense and is not only entertaining but in parts witty—that is an achievement indeed.

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Money as we know it, however, is by no means a wholly virtuous hero for the piece. The gold standard, for instance, is no guarantee that money furnishes a stable measure of value, since there have been wide fluctuations of the price level, and large inflation and deflation of paper currency and credit, without departing from the gold standard. Gold itself is variable in terms of other commodities. During several periods other articles—such as carpets in the United States and nitrate of soda in England—have been more representative of average values than gold. In spite of this fact the authors do not favor a departure from the gold standard. Various plans such as those of Ford and Edison in which money is to be is-

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sued to "represent" real commodities or productive power are criticized because the values represented are not stable, the commodities or other units are neither homogeneous nor readily exchangeable, and the plans furnish no safeguard against inflation—that is, an enlargement of purchasing power in relation to the total available supply of goods and services. Such a safeguard is a basic necessity, and it seems no more difficult to achieve if money is interchangeable with gold, which may actually be used for currency, than if it "represents" wheat, which cannot well be passed from hand to hand, or man-hours, or salt herring, or cheese in the moon.

Inflation—in fact, all variation of average prices and purchasing power—is seen as the disastrous influence that it is. At this point it begins to look as if the authors had swallowed whole the quantity theory of money. Their chapter on the subject, however, which is at once the most difficult and the most carefully thought out in the book, dispels any such fear. They analyze the equation of exchange, which is ordinarily cited to show that changes in prices are due to changes in the quantity and velocity of money in circulation, if the amount of goods remains the same. They demonstrate that the equation, which is nothing more than a truism, can be used equally well in behalf of any one of nine other conclusions—such as that the quantity of money is the result and the price level the cause—and so on through all the terms. Most important of all, the equation does not distinguish among various kinds of prices, such as retail, wholesale, wages, freight rates, interest, etc. Neither does it distinguish between money spent for capital goods and money spent for consumers' goods.

Following this line of analysis, the authors consider the nature of the "circuit flow of money." Purchasing power not merely circulates in the ordinary loose sense of the term; it passes about the economic system in fairly definite channels from consumer through distributor, manufacturer, raw material owner and so on, always getting back into the pockets of the consumer again. An awe-inspiring but essentially crude diagram pictures the circulatory system. Variations in time and quantity of the flow through these arterial passages disturb the balance of the system and cause trouble. The theories of Mr. J. R. Hobson and others have involved this conception, but never has the process been so clearly visualized.

Yet in spite of the large quantum of sense in the book, there is nonsense as well, and it will not do to accept the authors' statements without scrutiny. In discussing, for instance, attempts to fix prices or wages, they seem to assume that these functions are most beneficently carried on by automatic operations of "economic law," overlooking the fact that their whole argument tends toward the opposite thesis—that harmful maladjustments and stoppages in purchasing power do occur at various points in the system.

If this is true of credit and interest rates, why not of wage rates and prices? One cannot infer from the failure of crude attempts at regulation that more ingenious plans might not succeed. They say flatly, for instance, that "all arbitrary wage awards are economic nonsense. Nothing we can do to wages will enable every one to obtain ten bushels of wheat if the per capita production is five bushels." This assumes (1) that the existing distribution of income cannot be changed, (2) either that there are no increases in per capita production, or that wages automatically keep pace with such changes. The first assumption they themselves deny on pages 328 and 329, where they state that there is no such thing as a permanent equilibrium among prices and incomes of various classes. And a little quantitative research would have shown them that productivity does increase and that the purchasing power of wage earners by no means varies in exact ratio to productivity.

Most absurd of all is the chapter which exalts present methods of distribution and pictures as if it were a utopia the "democracy of consumers" getting exactly what they desire. Here the authors throw to the winds their doubts about the efficiency of competition and the all-discerning economic wisdom of the individual.

More serious in its effect on their thesis is their analysis of Mr. J. R. Hobson's theory of depressions. This theory is, in brief, that a diversion of too much purchasing power from consumers' goods to capital goods brings about overproduction in relation to effective consumers' demand. The authors refute it on the ground that money spent for capital goods does not stop there, but finds its way into the pockets of the workers who produce them and so reappears as consumers' demand. But it is not merely purchasing power that is diverted, but also materials and labor power. The result might easily be a lack of balance between consumers' goods and the effective demand for them, which would temporarily raise prices. The products of the new capital coming on the market at the higher price level could not then be absorbed without a sudden adjustment upward of wages or downward of prices. Much refinement of the Hobson theory is doubtless necessary before it can be accepted, but the present analysis does not furnish the corrective.

There is a danger in a too literal interpretation of the authors' conclusion that money is the central economic problem, unless we remember more vividly than they seem to do their broad definition of money and their critique of the quantity theory. The study of money is significant and has been slighted, but it necessarily involves a study of productive and consumptive relationships with all the psychological and social background which modern economists have accepted as pertinent to their science.

GEORGE SOULE.

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